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Such as altogether to surpass, both in extent and attractiveness, any which have preceded it in former years.
THE SALE IS NOW TAKING PLACE.

In connection with this announcement, it may be mentioned that the rapidly increasing business of this Establishment renders it absolutely necessary that a very considerable Enlargement of the Premises should forthwith be made; and we may further state that plans are already in course of preparation by which the business capabilities of the Establishment will be augmented to almost double their present extent.
In accordance with these plans, a New Building, of large dimensions, is to be erected in immediate contiguity with the present premises; and this will enable us to carry our intentions into full and satisfactory effect.
In acknowledging the confidence with which we have hitherto been favoured in so unlimited a degree, we would respectfully announce that, under the circumstances to which we have alluded, the regular Stock, irrespective of the vast purchases which have been made for the occasion in almost every market, will, in anticipation of the projected changes, be dealt with in regard to the scale of prices in a manner altogether and entirely exceptional.
We trust we may regard as superfluous any observations declaratory of the fact, that no goods of inferior quality have been admitted into the stock for the purposes of this sale. The buyers have, on the contrary, been careful to procure from the most approved markets, only such as are of the first quality; whilst the prices assigned to them will, doubtless, commend themselves in an almost unprecedented manner to those who are desirous of obtaining their supplies from the most economical sources.
In corroborating the bona fide character of this statement, we would appeal to the fidelity with which our former announcements have been carried out; and we will only add that all who may be pleased to visit the establishment will find, for the reasons we have indicated, that the quotations are at once attractive, surprising and unparalleled.
Full List of Prices and particulars of the Sale, occupying nearly two columns, will be found in the *Examiner* of Saturday last.
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Ashes to ashes, dust to dust:
O'er whom these words are spoken must
Give the grave more—or be as one
Who stands from out the generations
That pass between the sea's impatience
And patience of the sun:—

Must with him bring, when he returneth—
Taught the sad lesson each one learneth—
To Earth's, his mother's, primal breast—
Must bring, or be as one who brings,
Much treasure, many offerings,
To win her great gift—Rest.

Whatever he on others had
Of power,—his words or sad or glad—
His voice that swelled Life's myriad roar,—
These gifts upon Earth's lap must lie,
And soon of him the memory
Be added to the store.

But he for whom we now are mournful
Ends not, like most, in a poor urnful,—
Is more than a mere flower-germ;
Dead, upon earth he yet surviveth;
As much as to the grave he giveth,
He giveth to the worm.

Hero of era unheroic!
For others, not thyself, a stoic!
Titan upon Caucasian height!
O earnest Ernest! in thy wrong
Nobler than we, the indifferent throng
Of faint-hearts, in our right!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!
Yes! but thy bright sword doth not rust
For death of swordsman in the war;
Men will not willingly let die
Thy noble fire, which, in her sky,
Fame gathers to a star.

Tho' that of thee, which is Death's spoil,
Be crown'd with smoke and girt with toil;
Tho' rather amid men than flowers
Thou sleepest; it is well; thy tomb
Is 'mid the multitude for whom
Were spent thy fiery hours.

Here rest; not where men's voices are
Few betwixt morn and even star,
And meadows, and not streets, are long,
And far blue hills are calm as bliss,
And Winter as a silence is,
And Spring is as a song.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STAGE
IN MANCHESTER.
III.—MISS WOOLGAR.

THE Anderson and Hammond management of the Theatre Royal, in Fountain-street, which began well, came to an untimely end. It was said that the partners did not get on well together—no very rare occurrence with partners, whether engaged in theatrical or commercial speculations. But, however that might be, Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North (who, we may observe, for the enlightenment of our more youthful readers, is not to be confounded with Anderson, the Drury Lane tragedian already referred to as playing Othello and Brutus with Mr. Brooke), left his partner with the regular company in Liverpool, and returned to Manchester to manage the theatre himself; and manage, or rather mismanage it, he did with a vengeance. A very few months sufficed to ruin it and himself too. This was rather singular, as the "Prestidigitateur" was really a most liberal manager and generous man, who grudged no expense, and, as he himself said, "so long as he had one farthing he would spend it in support of the drrrama," a resolution which he literally carried out after his own fashion. The Wizard, however, was not fortunate in his theatrical speculations, for after leaving Manchester, he built himself a theatre in Glasgow, which was burned down within a few months of its erection; and subsequently he took Covent Garden Theatre, which shared a similar fate, and the whole of his property was destroyed in the conflagration.

During the few months in which he managed the Theatre Royal, he inaugurated a system of puffing in the style in which he had been in the habit of issuing notices of his conjuring performances. He opened the season at Easter with a grand comic pantomime, which drew fair houses and had a run of some weeks. He then got together what he called a vaudeville, but what would have been more appropriately termed a scratch company, and relied for his chief support upon spectacles, ballets, and the Bolenos, the pantomimists. He kept continually presenting himself before the curtain and making speeches to the audience, and persisted in performing himself such characters as Jock Howison, in *Cramond Brig*, Wandering Steenie, Rob Roy, Gilderoy, and similar Caledonian heroes, occasionally bringing Brooke up from Liverpool, and going in for "the legitimate" in the most astounding style. He produced several spectacles, and as Abomeleque, in *Blue Beard*, drove on to the stage in "a grand car, drawn by creams," that is to say, the cream coloured ponies which he was in the habit of driving about the streets. Finding that people would not come to the theatre, he reduced the prices of admission one-half, but they didn't come one whit the faster. Occasionally he produced a star, and had Wright, Paul Bedford, and Mrs. Waylett, the ballad singer, down from the Adelphi, but they failed to draw decent audiences. Closing the theatre for a few months, he re-opened it again in the autumn with an entirely new company and another pantomime,—the second within six months. He got to loggerheads with the press, and of course came off second best. The late Mr. John Harland had sharply criticised some of the performances, and with execrable taste the Wizard retaliated by putting some sorry jokes into the harlequinade reflecting upon "Mr. R. Land," which the audience disposed of in a very summary manner. The new company was a very indifferent one, but it was remarkable for one circumstance, that before the close of that short season it was the means of introducing to the Manchester stage one of the most accomplished actresses of the present day—Miss Woolgar, now better known as Mrs Alfred Mellon, and of whom we shall have more to say presently. Two other efficient actors, who appeared under Mr. Anderson's management, and who afterwards took up a strong position, were C. Bass and Lysander Thompson, and it was at this time that Mrs. Bickerstaffe, then Miss Fife, and who looks as young now as she did then, became attached to the Theatre Royal. Ill luck, however, followed the management to its close. Mr. Henry Betty, son of the once celebrated "Young Roscius," was engaged, and, save the mark, the lessee began puffing him as the greatest actor of the age. Suddenly the theatre closed, and in November the lesseeship passed into the hands of Mr. Knowles, proprietor of the present theatre in Peter-street. The old saying, that when things come to the worst they will mend, was exemplified in this instance. After an interval of some weeks, spent in re-decorating the theatre, it

re-opened with Mr. Knowles as lessee, and under the sole management of Mr. Robert Roxby, the comedian. Mr. Roxby was an enthusiast in his profession, and possessed excellent taste. He at once abolished the star system, and resolved to try the experiment of relying for public support on the production of standard plays performed by a very strong and efficient stock company. We shall have occasion to refer to several of the new actors engaged, many of whom afterwards went to London, but at present we may devote a little space to Miss Woolgar, who was re-engaged, and who has so long held a leading position in the metropolis. She only played in Manchester during the season of 1843, after which she went to the Adelphi, where she has remained ever since.

Sarah Jane Woolgar was, or rather we should say *is*, the daughter of a tradesman who conceived a passion for the stage and adopted it as a profession. At the time when she made her *debût* in Manchester, having previously performed with success at Birmingham and Edinburgh, she was still very young, but gave every promise of her future celebrity. Her Ophelia, in which she made her first appearance, was a most chaste and touching performance, almost taking rank with the Ophelias of Miss Priscilla Horton and Miss Kate Terry. Under the new management Miss Woolgar became an immense favourite, and nearly turned the heads of half of Young Manchester. Owing to circumstances which are known to us, but to which it is unnecessary further to allude, Miss Woolgar had difficulties to contend against, and only a limited number of high comedy parts, for which, in our opinion, she was best qualified, were allotted to her, and her abilities were chiefly confined to the pourtrayal of characters in the second rank of comedy, the abigails of the stage, heroines of the domestic drama, and light musical parts. This seems to have influenced her future career. Many of Mrs. Mellon's friends and admirers have always regretted that she went to the Adelphi, where she necessarily continued to enact the same line of characters. Admirable as are her delineations of such characters as Peg Woffington, Dolly Mayflower, Starlight Bess, Nelly O'Neill, Sally Goldstraw, the Area Belle, and other Adelphi heroines, we conceive that had Miss Woolgar restricted herself to the higher class of characters, the Lady Teazles, Beatrices, and such like, she would have achieved a much higher reputation, whilst her success in serious melo-dramatic parts shows that she might even have aimed at the lighter heroines of tragedy. On one occasion, after seeing her perform a serious part at the Adelphi, Lord Lytton expressed a wish to see her perform Pauline Deschapelles in his own play—*The Lady of Lyons*.

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Next, as to the correspondents. It appears to us that the *Courier* is a perfect godsend to the parsons. Ladies and clergymen are said to be the only two classes of people who like letter-writing. The letter column of the *Courier* is proof positive that one half, at least, of this axiom is correct. The editor must surely be acquainted with the handwriting of nearly all our Manchester clergy. Some names appear again and again, as, for instance, those of the Reverends James Bardsley and J. J. Cort. These two gentlemen seem ready for any and all controversial emergencies; and the first-named possesses another ladylike peculiarity,—he always manages to have the last word. There is a certain pleasure felt by the greater part of mankind at seeing their

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THERE are several very remarkable things about the *Manchester Courier*, as, for instance, its quondam torpidity and decay, followed by rapid growth and progress; also the intense blueness of the spectacles through which it regards all things, past, present, and to come; also its power of entertaining, in spite of itself, its talent for amusing the reader without any intention of doing so,—nay, very often, as much to the reader's astonishment as its own. We speak of the paper as if it were a living being, and, indeed, we have always associated it with, or actually personified it into, a stout, red-faced, respectable John Bull, in small-clothes and gaiters, and with a great bunch of seals dangling from his breeches' pocket:—one of the "good old school" (as it is called—goodness knows why!), given to port and Protection, and full of fierce hatred for Frenchmen and Dissent. We can hardly explain, for we hardly understand, why we have such a faithful and abiding affection for our obstinate, choleric, fussy, unreasonable old *Courier*, but we have. *He* interests us as much as if he were really in the flesh, and not merely in paper. It is with unfeigned gratification we note and acknowledge that "There's life in the old hound yet," and plenty of it.

After the foregoing panegyric, in which we have jumbled up together an old gentleman, a dog, and a newspaper, as though they were all one and the same—"thing" we had nearly said, and thereby committed another blunder,—we will ask the reader to open his *Courier*, and carefully notice the column or columns headed with the word "Correspondence." Of all the peculiarities for which the paper is famous, this correspondence is the most remarkable. First of all, as regards extent. Did ever any one see so many letters in a newspaper? Last Tuesday, for instance, there were fourteen, and they took up two entire columns and a quarter. Letters make good padding; and we fancy that the editor pads his paper in this manner; though the supposition is hardly a compliment either to his correspondents or the paper itself. Does the reader understand what "padding" and "to pad" mean? If not, let him place himself in the position of an unlucky editor, racking his brains for "copy" wherewith to fill a couple of columns, after all available news—the monstrous turnip included—has been duly made use of. How many "Sonnets," and "Stanzas," and "Lines" to various adored objects, owe their insertion in print to the necessity for padding, no one knows save the badgered editors of newspapers and magazines. Some of the *Courier's* padding has been, at times, obvious enough, as, when there appeared an alphabetical list of towns and villages in which the paper could be procured, the same notice being repeated over and over again for each place. This was soon after the paper was made a daily one, when, of course, there would be some little difficulty about obtaining advertisements in sufficient number for each day's issue. At first the list was immense; then it decreased and decreased until it finally disappeared altogether. Advertisements—paying advertisements—poured in. There was no need of padding any longer.

Next, as to the correspondents. It appears to us that the *Courier* is a perfect godsend to the parsons. Ladies and clergymen are said to be the only two classes of people who like letter-writing. The letter column of the *Courier* is proof positive that one half, at least, of this axiom is correct. The editor must surely be acquainted with the handwriting of nearly all our Manchester clergy. Some names appear again and again, as, for instance, those of the Reverends James Bardsley and J. J. Cort. These two gentlemen seem ready for any and all controversial emergencies; and the first-named possesses another ladylike peculiarity,—he always manages to have the last word. There is a certain pleasure felt by the greater part of mankind at seeing their

names and lucubrations in print; and clergymen, being only human after all, share, we suppose, in this particular human weakness.

Then, of course, there are many letters—the majority in fact—which bear no signature, or only a *nom-de plume*. We believe the clerical element is as strong here as in the former case. There can be no doubt about "A Manchester Incumbent," "A Town Rector," "A Curate," and the like; and even in the case of titles, vague and uncertain, such as "Watchman," we find authoritative utterance which would come with bad grace from any but a clerical mind and mouth and pen. And here let us say a word to the editor. He has made it a rule, and acted upon it in most cases, that if one correspondent signs his real name to his letters, all other writers on the question at issue must sign theirs also. A rule manifestly absurd and unjust. Suppose the question to be one of high doctrine or ritual. There is a popular, and again there is a most unpopular, side to any and every such question. It is easy and pleasant enough for a low church champion, like the Rev. Jas. Bardsley, to appear boldly in print, for the admonition of his own congregation, and of many members of many congregations in the diocese. But how about some other poor fellow who takes the opposite side? He may wish to discuss the question, to state his sincere convictions, to set right certain statements which he believes are erroneous,—but he is naturally averse to be placed in the pillory, and pointed at for evermore as a "dangerous" and "extreme" man. If the editor be right in allowing religious discussion in a daily paper—which we greatly doubt—at any rate he should allow such discussion to be perfectly free and unfettered, and this it cannot be when the advocates of an unpopular theory are obliged to sign their names in full, because the popular champion parades his own popular signature before the public. As a safeguard against false statements, or anonymous libels, the editor, of course, must know the name and address of every correspondent. When these are known, the writer should then be allowed his own discretion as to signature.

As to the subject-matter of these letters, the reader will gather from what we have already stated, if his own experience has not long ago taught him the fact, that the *Courier's* letter column is a perfect hotbed of religious controversy. *Cui bono?* is easier asked than answered: at least we would spare the editor's feelings, and not answer the question at all. The church and the nation are plagued with controversy, until most quiet-going, peaceable practical Christians have become as restless as the Egyptians of old after the destruction of their first born, and would be right glad to pay the passage of all controversialists—clerical or lay—to the great desert of Sahara, or any wilderness from whence it might confidently be hoped they would never come back again. But leaving this part of the matter, the editor of the *Courier* has often amused us by the arbitrary manner in which he shuts up a discussion, just when it has reached its height, and letters are pouring in from all sides, and the cry of battle is waxing loud, and the combatants have fairly warmed to their work. Whether it is that he finds himself overpadded, or gets as muddle-headed as do most of his readers, by the wordy war, or becomes pricked in conscience at helping so many honest men to waste time, and brains, and ink, for nothing,—at any rate, all of a sudden a short notice appears that "This correspondence must now close," or something to the same effect, and, lo and behold! the combatants have to lay down their weapons before they have proved who is the better man, or which doctrine the more correct or orthodox. Again, we ask, why allow a discussion at all, if it is not to be brought to some issue? And if the question discussed be such as cannot be solved, even by all the wise heads of all the wise men who write to the *Courier*, would not the editor do better if he gave formal notice that henceforth all controversial rubbish must be shot elsewhere—say, into the columns of the *Record* or *Church Times*.

During the late Election, the letter-column surpassed itself. It is not fair to criticise the proceedings of any paper or man at such an exciting period. There is always, however, some great excitement of the moment to call forth a shoal of letters. Witness the Sale Crucifix, the Proctorial Election, and, at the present time, the "Gambling at St. John's Roman Catholic Schools." The readers of the *Courier* will have to be content with this last mentioned topic, say, for a fortnight or so. The . will come an editorial shutting up. Then something new. The newest (and best) thing of all would be the blotting-out of the religious letter column altogether.

VOICES IN THE STREETS.

VI.—THE WIMBERRY CAKE.

"It was the last that she had left."
WILLY'S GRAVE.

AS I came down Market-street the other day I was overtaken by an impulsive friend of mine,—a man of singular mental fertility, and uncommon culture,—whose rare acquirements and racy humour have always delighted me. The range of his sympathies was unusually wide and warm. To him the small was great, and the great was small; and the commonest things in life could lead him into regions of lofty and reverent thought. In such moods it was a rare pleasure to listen to his discourse. He was at all times an interesting companion. From his well-stored and inventive mind something rich and strange was continually springing in allusion to the things around him; and even passing incidents upon the street often called forth some ingenious remark, or some apt quotation from famous books—books too much neglected in these days of ephemeral scribble, hurried off the end of the pen to bring bread for the day.

He overtook me upon the street; and seizing my arm, as usual, he led me aside into St. Ann's Square. It was not a parade day in that fashionable lounge, and therefore we had a good deal of it to ourselves. The statue of Richard Cobden seemed to be the first thing that caught his eye. "Ah, now," said he, "there stands the counterfeit presentment of one of the greatest benefactors to mankind in our day. He wrought hard, and long, and suffered much; and it will be long before his countrymen comprehend the wide embracing harmonies of the scheme which occupied that lofty mind. Even his immediate companions have not all of them grown up to the pitch of his great conceptions. I am almost disposed to endorse the high eulogium of of his illustrious friend and co-worker, who once said to his audience, as he pointed to a marble bust of the great free-trader, 'I tell you that not even marble is more enduring than that man's fame.'" * * From this theme he glided to the subject of art; and after severely criticising the statue itself, he said, "The arts, my dear sir, though several in manifestation, are one in their source,—like the fingers of a man's hand. And then, how different are men's ways of working in art. For instance, one man, by slow and sedulous effort, and careful re-touching, achieves some embodiment of his ideal; but anon, there comes another—a man of noble creative force,—he strikes the amorphous block with the wand of divine command, and lo, there riseth into the ambient air an image full of the extremest beauty! Genius does what it *must;* talent does what it can." * * And thus, as we paced to and fro, the temper of his discourse glided from one theme to another, as the leafy rustlings of a tree are changed in tone by the changes of the wind.

On the opposite side of the square, a man, who was once of some eminence in this city, was trailing his weary limbs along, shattered in health, and steeped to the lips in poverty,—although little more than forty years of age. "Ah," said my friend, "Yonder goes one whose sun is going down while it is yet day. The hand of the ancient Master is in that worn countenance. Where are his friends? There is none so poor to do him reverence, now! Another hapless soldier stricken down prematurely in the battle; and no kind hand to carry him to the rearward, out of the trampling press of the fight. Ah, my dear sir, it is very sad; it is very sad!" * * And thus he went on, in plaintive descant, until the massive form of a well-known lawyer came shouldering its way slowly through the sunshine; and my friend changed his note at once. * * "Ah, there now," said he, "there goes a man of mighty physical mould! One of the sons of Anak! There goes a man whose bulk and big assemblage is touched with something finer than the dull world

dreams of. I know him well; and an excellent fellow he is, for all his rugged exterior,—a man with the strength of a giant, and the tenderness of a woman. By the way, I heard an anecdote of him the other day, which may not be uninteresting. You know him sufficiently to know that though 'the patch is kind,' he, like Launcelot Gobbo, is a 'huge feeder.' Well, it seems that he had occasion, once, to go far away from town, up to one of our wild Lancashire moorland hills, upon some legal business; and after wandering about there for some hours, he found, to his dismay, that when his usual dinner-time arrived, he was miles away from any visible place of refreshment.

"Hollo!" cried he, looking at his watch; "How's this? Where am I to dine? There are no hotels, nor anything here! I must have something to eat! What's to be done?"

The man who was in attendance upon him pointed to a lonely cottage, far down the moor-side, and suggested that perhaps *something* might be had there. It was the only dwelling in sight, and away they went towards the spot. The hungry lawyer found a poor woman in the cottage, with six little children playing around her.

"Mistress," said he, in a jovial off-hand way, "can you find me anything to eat? Eggs and bacon; bread and cheese; anything! I'm quite famished!"

The woman gazed with astonishment at that mighty, well-filled frame, which looked so unlike starvation; and then, giving a quiet look around her poor hut, she replied—

"Well; I've just made a wimberry cake, for these childer. Yo can have a bit o' that, if yo'n a mind."

"Wimberry cake!" cried he, rubbing his hands, "Wimberry cake! Grand! It'll do! Bring it on!"

The poor woman set the cake before him, and he fell to with a right good will.

"Ah!" said he, "this is excellent! It's very wholesome, too! very good, indeed!"

In the meantime, the children—who had been silent up to this point, over-awed by the great stranger's appearance—began to creep out from their corners; and, as they watched slice after slice disappear in the lawyer's hungry jaws, tears rose into their eyes. At last, they could bear it no longer; and they burst out, as if by common consent, with one cry—"Mother, mother; he's heytin' it o'! he's heytin' it o'!"

"Good God!" cried the lawyer, flinging down his knife, "am I eating the children's dinner?"

The poor woman raised her apron to her eyes, and she said, "Aye; its o' that I had for 'em. I had a bit o' flour i'th house, an' I sent th' childer on to th' moor a-gettin' some wimberry, so that I could make it into a cake for 'em. I thought it would be a bit of a puttin'-on, till to-morn."

"Poor little things!" said the lawyer, as he pushed the remainder of the cake away from him, "why did'nt you tell me that before? I'll not have another bite."

Then, putting a sovereign into the woman's hand, he said, "For heaven's sake, get them something to eat!"

And he came away from that poor moorland cottage with tears rolling down his rough cheeks.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER.

The members of the Reform League have got a notion that they are entitled to nominate the candidate of the Liberal Party, in the event of a vacancy in the representation of the city, by the unseating of Mr. Birley. Accordingly, they have had under consideration the names of Alderman Abel Heywood, Messrs. Edmund Beales, Edward Miall, and Samuel Pope, and, on a division, the Alliance champion—Mr. Pope—carried the day. It appears, however, that the National Reform Union have resolved to nominate Mr. Milner Gibson, and a conflict of rival claims and claimants may result.

A PICTURE GALLERY FOR MANCHESTER.

THE Art Treasures of 1857 was very nearly becoming the parent of a valuable institution. Manchester was never so near getting a public Picture Gallery as she was at that time. Unfortunately, the embryo presented itself wrong end foremost. The doctors—who were young at the business, and, therefore, inexperienced—thought it was all right, and did their best, but, ere long, the panic of the year set in, swiftly enveloping the whole district, reaching the doctors at their consultations ultimately; hurried them also along; and, as for the young Institution, it proved an abortion, and was huddled out of sight.

Mr. Fairbairn's idea—for we presume it originated with him—was, nevertheless, a good one, and is well worthy of reconsideration. And it is because we are not without hope that the question, "Shall Manchester have a Picture Gallery?" will be taken up again some day, and be answered in the affirmative, that the Sphinx now propounds its views on the subject. There can be no doubt that, in Manchester, a permanent Gallery of Paintings would be invaluable. If Manchester ever is to have a School of Painting—which, for many reasons, is doubtful—a public gallery of good pictures is absolutely necessary; for, though not worse than other large manufacturing towns, Manchester is decidedly an ugly place. Living there, a worker in the beautiful, instead of being stimulated by what he sees around him, is depressed. With the single exception of the Assize Courts, there is not a beautiful structure in the length and breadth of the city, and they, unfortunately, are isolated. We are looking forward to the sight of another fine building—the new Town Hall—but it will be isolated also. Had it been convenient to have set up these two buildings side by side, besides possessing their inherent beauty, each would have enhanced the beauty of the other. (This helpfulness in giving and receiving is a fine peculiarity of Architecture.) By adding two more, (equally beautiful) the resultant beauty would not be four times as much as that of the single building merely, but ten times, and so on, in something like a geometrical ratio. It will be long ere Manchester becomes a thing of beauty and a joy to artists; very much easier to provide a gallery of good paintings—not for the sake of Local Art alone. In a city like this, where there is so little to look at, a public gallery of pictures would be a great boon to the people.

A good collection of paintings might be formed at moderate cost—say £10,000. Reckoning each picture to cost £500, £10,000 would purchase twenty; and twenty really good pictures is a very fair collection. In last year's gathering at the Royal Institution there were only five worthy of a place in a gallery for the people. The remainder would have been better away; they only served to distract attention, and prevent the uninitiated seeing what was to be seen in the select five, which, after all, really constituted the Exhibition. So, again, at Agnew's this season, although the pictures are much superior to those at the Institution, we have only been able to count ten that would be worthy of a place in our gallery; and yet Agnew's is generally considered a good Exhibition, well worthy of repeated visits; but, even there, were all removed excepting the ten, the collection would be but little impaired. Well, supposing you had your twenty—we will consider presently where they had better be placed—the next thing to do would be to apply to the Trustees of the South Kensington Museum for the loan of a portion of Mr. Sheepshanks' gift. Mr. Sheepshanks, on making his bequest, stipulated that some of his pictures should be lent, from time to time, to local galleries. There should, therefore, be no difficulty in getting the loan of a few, especially as, at South Kensington, there are duplicates of certain pictures—

Landseer's *Horse Shoeing*, for instance, and Leslie's *Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman*. Suppose you got the loan of five or ten from South Kensington. Then there is the Turner bequest of water-colour drawings and sketches. They have them at the South Kensington or the British Museum by the thousand; surely, there would be no objection to lend twenty or thirty of them, for the sake of the Arts and people of Manchester.

The next thing to be considered is where to have them placed; and here we are brought back to the mistake made by the gentlemen who took the thing in hand in '57. Mr. Fairbairn, and his friends, instead of getting the pictures first, as would have been the natural method, proposed that a sum of money should be subscribed sufficient to build a gallery that would be an ornament to the town, and then fill it with pictures. With the exception of war, there is nothing so costly as building; and there is more than ordinary risk of waste of money if the proposed building is intended to be an ornament to the town. One would hardly like to say what would probably be the cost of such a building set up on such terms; but, judging from experience, the chances are that it would cost more than all the money subscribed; the building would be in debt, and the promoters, instead of filling it with pictures, would be trying all sorts of dodges to get money to pay the interest and, if possible, the debt itself. The committee would be holding bazaars in it, letting it out for lectures, exhibitions of wax-work, penny readings, and perhaps, on Sundays, for religious meetings of secularists, until it and the promoters became the laughing stock of the mercantile community, and "the Divine art of Painting" itself got sneered at. The Royal Institution was proposed, subscribed for, and built as an ornament to the town, and, in some undefined way, for the promotion of the Fine Arts. The committee chose a most expensive architect—Barry—a man totally devoid of genius. The result we see: a thing that is anything but an ornament to the town. The utmost that can be said in its favour is that it is much superior to Watts's warehouse. The money subscribed was all spent, and more too. We know that it is no ornament, and hitherto it has been of little use; now, in these days of progress, suppose it were made useful. We propose that one or two of the four exhibition rooms be rented from the proprietors, and our small but well chosen collection be placed in them for the present. There will be little difficulty in getting them, we imagine, as the gentlemen proprietors have no object, as proprietors, beyond devoting the building to purposes connected with Art. They don't want to make the building a paying concern; indeed, one of their bye-laws is that the directors never shall declare a dividend. And now, shall the public have admittance free? Free we should like it to be; but, considering that it is impossible to study pictures in a crowded room, and the danger of attracting idle people, who care nothing for pictures, but like to lounge about in places where they can see and be seen, we would recommend that a small charge—say a penny—be made for admission. That charge will hurt nobody, and will tend to keep out large numbers of mere gapers and moths; and may ultimately—like the shilling a quarter duty on corn which was originally levied for mere statistical purposes—prove to be a source of revenue, sufficient, perhaps, to pay the cost of door-keepers and private policemen.

A few words of advice and warning now, and we have done. Select your pictures well; buy none but the very best. Take great care from the first not to encumber your walls with lumber. Take no picture-dealer's advice; they, as a rule, know nothing about the intrinsic value of a picture. Let your specimens be of Masters of undoubted excellence, and see that the picture be one of the master's best. Bear in mind that to have one good picture by a master is better than to have three of his middling ones. H. C. Whaite's large rainbow picture would be a valuable acquisition; so would one of Basil Bradley's best—especially as they are both Manchester men. But have nothing to do with inferior things, even though they be by Manchester men. Try and get the pictures from the artists themselves, for as all young and middle-aged artists would rather have their pictures in a public gallery than in any private house, they would be desirous of letting you have their best; besides, it is, generally speaking, the most economical way of buying pictures. Rigorously scrutinize the merits of every picture that is presented or bequeathed, never mind the old proverb, and if it is not of the very first quality, do as we do with a good many effusions sent us: return it, labelled "declined with thanks." Shortly before A. E. Chalon, R.A., died, he made a will, leaving his large collection of drawings to the nation, and in due time, the executors apprised the trustees of the National Gallery of his bequest. The trustees looked at them, and declined to accept them. Now this Chalon was a popular painter in his day; so much so that when contemporary popular novelists felt inadequate to describe the beauty of their heroines, they used to break out with "It would require the graceful pencil and delicate tints of a Chalon to do justice to the charms of Angelica," or whoever she happened to be. Well, to the works of this great man—who was thought by the rank and fashion of the day to have the power of conferring something akin to immortality upon them—the trustees of the National Gallery declined to give house-room. And they were right.

THE JOACHIM AND ROSSINI CONCERTS.

THE Free Trade Hall is large, cold, and chalky. Chamber music is certainly not heard to the best advantage in it. But practical considerations may, perhaps, be allowed to prevail when such a constellation of talent is to be heard as that which was assembled by the Messrs. Forsyth. Joachim is always a new marvel, and Madame Schumann once more broke the even line which too constantly marks the horizon of our piano-forte enjoyments. We do not wish, as a rule, for any other interpreter of piano-forte literature than the one we are so fortunate as to possess in Mr. Hallé. But the effect of always listening to the same performer, besides becoming slightly monotonous, is apt to fill people with little prejudices as to style, and to prevent them from doing full justice to other artists. The audience becomes changed into a congregation, hanging for years upon the lips of its pet preacher until it is fascinated by his dogmas, and incapable of lending a liberal ear to other views. We remember a gentleman saying, after a concert somewhat similar to this one, excepting that it was poorly attended, "What business have the Forsyths to give a concert at all?" Such a coarse expression of the protective spirit in art is to be fought against. It is the misfortune of music in Manchester to be petted by uneducated wealth, and smiled upon by undiscriminating fashion. This patronage is as unfavourable to the healthy growth of music as was to literature the noble patronage of the seventeenth century. It cannot be doubted that the music at Mr. Hallé's weekly concerts sounds the sweeter because it vibrates in an atmosphere of fashion. What we desire is that the popular patronage accorded to it should be more consistent with the uses of a Free Trade Hall. The present mode of gaining the pedestal of merit seems to be effected by pushing every other aspirant out of the way. A detailed criticism of this admirable concert is superfluous. But we cannot too earnestly hope that a still larger audience will welcome the great violinist at Messrs. Forsyth's next concert. A little more taste in the arrangements of the platform would not be thrown away. There was an *embarras de mauvais gout* about it. Why must the organ,

whose commanding presence quite tames smaller instruments, always be seen in the background? Whatever takes place in the front, whether it be music or electioneering, or Japanese troupes or nigger minstrels, the venerable organ is doomed to look grimly down upon it. We feel for the organ.

On the Rossini night the hall was absurdly packed, and numbers had to return home and mourn the death of Rossini in private; perhaps consoling their hearts with the hope of a better chance when Auber's demise is celebrated. The *Stabat Mater* was efficiently performed. In it the religious element and the operatic element seem to struggle for mastery. It is so rich in melody, that whatever opinion we may form of it from a point of view not exclusively musical, it is impossible to resist its charm. The grumbling Puritan might object to its worldly beauty, but we must join the sensuous Catholic in secret admiration. The choruses are the most imbued with the devotional character. But even the devotion is only a kind of luxury of worship,—the formal prayers of perfect purity. In the solo parts Rossini has not spared the resources of the operatic stage-basket, which, indeed, he always has by him in a corner. Sometimes he carries this ornamentation so far as to seem to be trying the stolidity of our religious nature as you might dangle a diamond necklace before a nun at her devotions to see if she would catch at it. The magnificent voice of Mdlle. Tietjens was the great attraction in the solos. The roundness and the steadiness of her sustained notes are in themselves a treat, and contrast strikingly with the tremulousness of most singers. On what principle singers deliver their notes in waves instead of straight lines it is hard to say. A saw is more penetrating on account of the zigazg edge, but it is doubtful whether high chest-notes are, as a rule. Mr. Santley sang his part in his best style, and contributed largely to the success of the solos. All the solos were ably represented, excepting the one entrusted to Signor Bulterini, whose piercing voice unmistakeably passed the line which divides the Beautiful from the Ugly. Without begrudging Signor Bulterini success in his future career, we are at a loss to understand the favour which he at present meets with. The *Stabat Mater* was followed by the first act from *William Tell*. During the overture, many a fair listener must have danced over again in her imagination the fiery galops of the season. The music did not so much reveal a new field of Rossini's genius as invite us to its very home. Although, compared with other great masters, we may miss that equal distribution of power throughout the opera, it is impossible to be critical while listening to the succession of graceful melodies. A great deal of the effect is necessarily lost by transferring it from the stage to the platform; and it would have been better to omit the tiresome recitatives, even at the sacrifice of breaking the chain of action. On the stage, when an inferior singer misses a note, a manly grasp at the hilt of his sword goes a great way to make up for it. If the tender whisper of the lover does not quite reach the heart of the audience, a frantic gesture and an expression of general uneasiness will push it a good way further. In this way several arts help each other. It is rather painful to watch a singer, who has enjoyed all the conveniences of the stage, left alone with a conventional music-book. Besides, the concert would have been nearer the proper length if the wearisome passages had been omitted. As it was, the constant stream of people in the direction of the door only showed how much they were moved by the music. The length of concerts seems to be stronger than common sense. Those who stay to the last must feel like a camel's,—able to do without another drink of water for forty days. The performance was very creditable, and the chorus, particularly in the piano parts, was almost perfect. The orchestra was effective, but loud. In one passage we actually saw a little child so frightened that it clung to its mamma for protection against the trombones. If the powerful brass instruments had been contented with a more retired life, and the little globules of discord had been dissolved in the fluid of sounds, the performance would have been unexceptionable.

DR. MARRIGOLD IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

WE sometimes think that what accomplished editors of newspapers rather disdainfully refer to as "our advertising columns," convey to the reader a more accurate idea of our social condition than a battalion of news, or any number of what Mr. Disraeli recently referred to as "rattling articles." The "rattling articles" are indispensable, of course, and occupy their own lofty place in the economy of journalism. Their spirit stirring trumpet-note will ring through the air of political England many a day yet, and kindle the light of battle in the eyes of unnumbered and fraternal combatants. For we islanders have mastered the fine art of fighting—and shaking hands; and while there continues to be two sides to a question, and we retain the liberty of adopting either, the country will need the light and enthusiasm so plenteously diffused by the sages and patriots who speak through the eloquent silence of a leading article. But a column of advertisements is wonderfully full of information, and tells the gentle or ungentle reader much more than a column of mere news.

It sounds rather oddly when put into language, but it is obviously true, that every person who writes an advertisement is a newspaper contributor. And if it be true that "brevity is the soul of wit," the author of an advertisement is one of the wittiest of contributors, for he has the greatest temptation to indulge in that kind of wit. The fewer words he uses, the greater his pecuniary advantages. With a professional contributor it is very much otherwise — the more words, the greater the remuneration. The advertiser religiously avoids the vice of verbosity. For him "fine writing" has no fascination. He suppresses any natural inclination for the flourishes of the rhetorician. If he has got a mangle to sell, he says so in the simplest Anglo-Saxon; so with a washing machine, or a pianoforte, or a quantity of mangel-wurzel, or a piece of eligible freehold property.

Glancing over the columns of a daily contemporary, published last Saturday, we found the "Sales by Private Contract, Miscellaneous," especially suggestive. "Opera Glasses" began it. That is, they were placed at the top of the "Miscellaneous" column. A philosopher would argue that opera glasses could only be sold to a civilised person. Nobody would think of sending a consignment of seven-and-sixpenny opera glasses to an Ancient Briton. Clearly, opera glasses imply opera, and opera implies, it is generally supposed, a high degree of refinement. To be sure, they have the opera at St. Petersburg, and make much of it, for the journals tell us that, the other day, the Imperial carriages were placed at the disposal of Madame Patti. Would it be well, in the interests of civilisation, to start a society for the diffusion of opera glasses amongst the untamed barbarians who yet remain? "A general assortment of cheap clothing," which is next advertised, might suit the savages almost as well as the donation of an opera glass, although it is said that they have but an imperfect idea of the fitness of things in the matter of European costume. The Umbrellas, which some benevolent dealer offers to his fellow creatures at "reduced prices," tell their own tale about the whimsical habits of an English atmosphere. Umbrellas are followed by Revolvers and double-barrelled Guns. Are these weapons intended to be used in moments of depression after a surfeit of umbrella? Our friends in Paris cherish a cheerful theory of this kind. Somebody else appears to have more "Old Violins, tenor and bass" than he can very well play at once, and wants to sell some. What a vision of opulence is disclosed by an advertiser who seems to have quite a jeweller's emporium of which he is weary. He wants to be rid of "Diamond and Gem Rings, of Gold Guards, of Alberts, Necklets, and Lockets," of quite an incomprehensible quantity of carat. After buying this Golconda, you can, if you like, become the proprietor of a load of Hay. That there shall be no mistake about it, the advertiser has caused the word hay to be printed three times in succession, as if he were a kind of rural beadle, and was opening an agricultural court of assize. If you don't happen to want any hay, you

are informed that you can have a large quantity of Old Ale. The merry bishop, in the song, who trolled "Belly, God grant thee good ale enough, good ale enough and old," might be introduced to this advertiser, to their mutual satisfaction. Most people would, probably, get over the embarrassment of a quantity of old ale or a load of hay; but what, in the name of Cadwallader, could anybody do with "One Billy and two She Goats." Unless as a study for an artist who paints the scenery of the Principality, and wants one or two of these picturesque creatures to put into his foreground we see no way of utilizing them. "Three store Pigs, well bred and of medium size," are more likely to attract the attention of investors, because, when one gets rather tired of their "well-bred" society, they can be translated into pork pies, or the morning rasher. If you haven't a rage for a store pig "of medium size," will you buy "a Billiard Table?" There is "a massive Billiard Table, nearly new, with four pockets," which you can carry away "for half its original cost." Considering what a lot of money is devoted to billiards, one wonders why the number of "pockets" should be so limited. We have already referred to the opera glasses in the market. If any genteel person buys one, she can also purchase "an Opera Cloak, nearly new, Oriental embroidery on scarlet Cashmere." We can understand poverty offering its scanty savings for second-hand blankets, or a topcoat for little Tommy, but were hardly prepared to learn that "lovely Thais" made the theatre brilliant with plumage contributed by Shudehill or Thomas-street.

A "Pianoforte in Prestwich" is surely a very "miscellaneous advertisement" indeed. Are these musical instruments occasionally liable to lunacy? We have sometimes had a suspicion of the sanity of the players, but that a piano can be so maltreated as to be driven out of its mind is new to us. But there are evidently plenty of pianofortes *out* of Prestwich, as the "miscellaneous" column abundantly shows. You may choose "a handsome square," with excellent tone and a metallic plate, by Tomkinson,—a bargain. Or, if you pass by the harmonious workmanship of the excellent Tomkinson, and would prefer (from motives of economy or an eccentric disposition) to put your money (a little of it) on "a square pianoforte," you can do so for what is sometimes playfully described as "thirty bob." Let it be assumed that you resist the temptation of possessing this inexpensive "square," with all its alluring possibilities, what do you say to "a gander?" If you are madly in want of "a gander, under twelve months old, twenty-one pounds weight," you have only got to say so. You could then verify, to your own satisfaction, a statement put rather dogmatically by the late Mr. William Cobbett, that "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If we were to send to a maiden aunt, from whom we had expectations, "2,000 or 3,000 gallons of Gas Tar," which you could obtain by addressing an initial and a figure at the Post-Office, we should naturally feel some curiosity as to its ultimate disposal. "A splendid pair of Marmoset monkeys, with cage," would be a less embarrassing gift than the gas tar, and might remind her tenderly of the donor.

But, in truth, the "miscellaneous" advertiser is a kind of inexhaustible bottle, a very Houdin or Bosco, or Wizard of the North. He will sell you a bagatelle table, or a Belgian canary, or a pair of scales, or a mahogany bookcase, or turf for your garden at 7s. a load, or camellia flowers, or a shop counter, or "a lady's sealskin jacket, not much worn, for £8, although it cost £25;" or a cow, or an organ accordion, or a safe, or "a file copy (unbound) of the *Manchester Guardian* from 1852 to 1868." If you think that it will contribute to your spiritual welfare to purchase a "A Freehold Pew in St. Peter's Church, Mosley-street," somebody is open to an offer, as the advertising column from which we have been quoting will inform you. Do you want any "Opium?" "An offer is wanted for 5lb. of Turkey and 14lb. of Egyptian, good quality, perfectly dry, and fit for pulverising." If you would like to make any Godfrey's Cordial, or "quietness," or pill of morphia, to reduce the "surplus population," the raw material is ready for you. What is "a Copper Character?" Our "miscellaneous" friend of Saturday last speaks thus ambiguously:—"Cheap, a quantity of Copper Character Stamps, suitable for the Greek trade." Is this a sarcastic personal reference to Messrs. Roditty and Minos Couvelas? A character of gold—a reputation as pure as gold, everybody must not look to have, but a "Copper Character" is a very disparaging kind of testimonial to carry about with you. That a Copper Character can be had "cheap," and that "a quantity" of it may be obtained is intelligible enough. How are the "Stamps" applied? In the case of military deserters we understand that the letter D is made into a permanent insignia. Perhaps a Freemason might enlighten us. The owner of a "Copper Character" is, we presume, marked with a C.C.

A lady advertiser not merely announces what she has got to sell, but why she wants to sell it. "A lady giving up riding wishes to dispose of her riding suit, quite new, consisting of habit, jacket, trousers, and hat; price 5 guineas—cost 10." "Jacket, trousers, and hat" sounds curiously, in the way of feminine habiliments. Quite new, too. If the advertiser be a dashing horsewoman, one can understand with what a pang she will part with these symbols of an English Amazon. Dealers in Bedding sometimes refer to their stock-in-trade in rather unusual terms. It isn't every day that the public is apprised that there is "A Timber Bolster on sale, nearly new." What in the name of goodness is a timber bolster? We hear of bed and board, but are there ascetics in the world whose bed *is* board? What sort of pillows accompany a timber bolster? Are the blankets made of the like unaccommodating material? We confess to a prejudice in favour of the antiquated bolster, although the new one may possibly promote early rising.

Finally, our "miscellaneous" friend, apprehensive, probably, that the state of trade in Lancashire is making everybody absurdly cheerful, deems it well to afford to persons of an exuberantly volatile disposition the means for chastening any reprehensible levity of mind. This public benefactor is prepared to dispose of "A Disarticulated Skeleton." If you should have misgivings that this cheerful bit of property may possibly be in a dilapidated condition, your doubt is removed by the assurance that the Disarticulated Skeleton is "in fine condition." This must be very gratifying. It would be a jolly companion to have in a cupboard. They say that everybody has a skeleton in his cupboard. It would be quite a gay incident at an evening party to introduce it to the company unawares. "Bid them laugh at that!" Well, you can have it a bargain. Two pound fifteen, and there you are. If you would prefer "one articulated" for an additional five and-thirty shillings (net), you can be accommodated.

Truly our advertising friends offer curious contributions to contemporary history, and their articles, brief as they are, are pregnant with a world of inference and suggestiveness.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

MR. W. FARREN is at present playing in Liverpool with much success. He has latterly undertaken a new range of characters, for which he has shown himself fully qualified, namely, middle-aged and elderly men—a line in which Mr. Farren's father greatly excelled. So sterling an actor cannot, surely, long remain without a London engagement; but there is no accounting for taste, and it seems that, at present, nudity is preferred to decency and ability.

Mrs. Howard Paul will appear this month at Drury Lane Theatre as Lady Macbeth, with Mr. Phelps as the Thane. She will also undertake the character, and sing the music, of Hecate, the same evening. Mrs. Paul, then Miss Featherstone, played musical parts at Drury Lane Theatre some fifteen years since, while the late G. V. Brooke was fulfilling an engagement there. Afterwards she performed at the Haymarket Theatre, playing such characters as Lady Gay Spanker in *London Assurance*, and also appearing in burlesques.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we may state that the reason why the late Miss Nelly Moore left the Haymarket Theatre was because she declined to play the part of Celia, in *As You Like It*, to the Rosalind of Mrs. Scott Siddons. Miss Moore was a niece of the late Mr. Alfred Mellon. She made her first appearance on the stage at St. James's Theatre, London, and was eighteen years of age when she came to Manchester.

Miss Lydia Thompson's first husband was Captain Tilbury, who was killed by being thrown out of a dog-cart. Lately she has married Mr. Henderson, formerly Lessee of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Thompson was orginally a dancer, and has performed in that capacity in most of the principal theatres in Europe.

Mr. Sothern has thrown up his American engagement for the present. He formerly played at Birmingham, and in the United States, under the name of Stuart.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT SALE AT THE GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL

Takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the twenty years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to inform them that his

GREAT SALE BEGAN ON TUESDAY, AND WILL BE CONTINUED DAILY,

COMMENCING AT TEN A.M.

The present premises having become too small for a fast and largely increasing trade, T. P. intends to make extensive alterations in February, to facilitate which he intends placing his beautiful Stock, which for magnitude stands unapproachable, at such prices that will be remarkable. Every article will have its original mark (which is always in plain figures) as well as the reduced price, which will be in red ink, which it is hoped will facilitate sales.

T. P. having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6½d., to 8s. 6d
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 4½d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 6½d., 2s 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, needle work, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 1½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 10½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO AND TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6., 11s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Two Tucks, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s. to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s
With Flowerings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured Ditto. 5s. 11d , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d , to 36s
Silk, Satin, Elder Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

		s. d.
Several Hundred French Manufacture		0 4½
Ditto	ditto	0 6½
Ditto	London	0 8½
Ditto	London, with needlework	0 9½
Ditto		1 0
Ditto		1 3
Ditto		1 6 to 2 6
Ditto, Glasgow		2 6 to 12 6
Ditto, Alexandra		10½

Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 25s.
Ditto Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s , 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d , to 18s. 11d.
Muslin ditto, 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric ditto, 2s. 11d., to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, &c.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers	5s 11d.	to	14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel	6s. 11d.	to	9s. 11d
Swan Down	4s. 3d.	to	8s. 6d.
Twill	1s. 11½d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	4s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel	3s. 9d.	to	7s. 6d.
Merino Vests	1s. 9d.	to	8s. 6d.
Lambs Wool	2s. 6d.	to	8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers Complete	8s. 11d.	to	15s.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 6½d., 8½d., 11½d , to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs Wool, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 3½d., 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s 9d., 2s , 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 9d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d , 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 1s. 6d , 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d
Calico Night Gowns, 10½d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d , 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s , 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, silk velvet and felt. 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d , 5s., 7s. 6d , 10s . 12s. 6d , 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d , to 15s
90 Dozen White Brussells and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 5½d., 6½d., 7d., to 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d.
Stays. 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., to 8s. 6d., to 18s
Drawers, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Hankerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d,
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d.; 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ¾ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	6½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 10d.
15 Pieces	ditto, various, to	3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	7½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		7s. 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	7½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d , and 10½d
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 4½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars. 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto. ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ..... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen	11½d.	half-dozen.
50 Dozen	1s. 2½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 4½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 6½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
50 Dozen	2s.	,,
and so on to	9s.	,,
Ready hemmed	1s. 1½d. to 9s.	,,
Hem stitched	4½d. to 5s.	each.

Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2 000

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

WISE SAWS.

[FROM SHAKESPERE.]

It our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mecy does.

ERNEST JONES.

[FROM THE ECHO.]

ON Saturday the grave closed over the remains of Mr. Ernest Jones, than whom, probably, no man was less sympathised with by those of his own class. He was set down as a low, vulgar demagogue, while in reality he was a well-born man, with decidedly aristocratic tastes. He was loved by thousands of the working class, and their affection was the stronger because they knew he was a gentleman. He attacked the Anti-Corn-Law League, because he hated, with the dislike of an aristocrat, the Manchester school, composed, as he believed it to be, of men who, when possessed of power themselves, would forget all their promises to help the people to political enfranchisement. Proud and scornful of danger, he spoke fiery words at public meetings which cost him two years' imprisonment. Through the bars of his prison Carlyle looked at the caged Chartist, and added, by an account of his inspection, to the public depreciation of the prisoner. Nervous, sanguine, and ambitious, he felt bitterly the sting of the ridicule which followed the failure of the Chartist rising, and far more poignantly the illness and sufferings of his wife and children during his imprisonment. For nineteen months he was kept without pens, ink, or paper, and wrote the "Revolt of Hindustan" with his blood on the leaves of his Prayer-book. During the later years of his life he enjoyed the respect, and to a certain extent the friendship of Mr. Disraeli, who admired his genius, and in whose nature there is much in common with that of Ernest Jones, for the author of *Coningsby* might have made a great leader of sedition. Not long after Mr. Jones's imprisonment, his uncle, Mr. Annesley, made him an offer of £2,000 a year if he would abandon his advocacy of Chartist opinions. But the sorely needed wealth was refused in terms in which pride and disaster strove together with a determined adherence to principles which never failed to direct the conduct of this sincere enthusiast. The retrospect is of a life at war with society, with traits not unlike those which marked the temper of Byron; a life devoted to the service, or what Mr. Jones honestly believed to be the service, of the people, whose grateful remembrance will certainly follow his memory; for misdirected zeal may well be forgiven when accompanied by such rare abnegation of self.

MRS. WORDSWORTH.

[FROM MISS MARTINEAU'S NEW BOOK.]

SHE outlived the beloved Dora, Wordsworth's only surviving daughter. After the lingering illness of that daughter (Mrs. Quillinan) the mother encountered the dreariest portion, probably, of her life. Her aged husband used to spend the long winter evenings in grief and tears—week after week, month after month. Neither of them had eyes for reading. He could not be comforted. She, who carried as tender a maternal heart as ever beat, had to bear her own grief and his too. She grew whiter and smaller, so as to be greatly changed in a few months: but this was the only expression of what she endured, and he did not discover it. When he, too, left her, it was seen how disinterested had been her trouble. When his trouble had ceased, she, too, was relieved. She followed his coffin to the sacred corner of Grasmere churchyard, where lay now all those who had once made her home. She joined the household guests on their return from the funeral, and made tea as usual. And this was the disinterested spirit which carried her through the last few years, till she had just reached the ninetieth. Even then she had strength to combat disease for many days. Several times she rallied and relapsed; and she was full of alacrity of mind and body as long as exertion of any kind was possible. There were many eager to render all duty and love—her two sons, nieces, and friends, and a whole sympathising neighbourhood.

Not one is left now of the eminent persons who rendered that cluster of valleys so eminent as it has been. Dr. Arnold went first in the vigour of his years. Southey died at Keswick, and Hartley Coleridge on the margin of Rydal Lake; and the Quillinans under the shadow of Loughrigg; and Professor Wilson disappeared from Elleray; and the aged Mrs. Fletcher from Lancrigg; and the three venerable Wordsworths from Rydal Mount.

The survivor of all the rest had a heart and a memory for the solemn last of everything. She was the one to inquire of about the last eagle in the district, the last pair of ravens in any crest of rocks, the last old dalesman in any improved spot, the last round of the last pedlar among hills where the broad white road has succeeded the green bridle-path. She knew the district during the period between its first recognition, through "Gray's Letters," to its complete publicity in the age of railways. She saw, perhaps, the best of it. But she contributed to modernise and improve it, though the idea of doing so probably never occurred to her. There were great people before to give away Christmas bounties, and spoil their neighbours as the established almsgiving of the rich does spoil the labouring class, which ought to be above that kind of aid. Mrs. Wordsworth did infinitely more good in her own way, and without being aware. An example of comfortable thrift was a greater boon to the people round than money, clothes, meat, or fuel. The oldest residents have long borne witness that the homes of the neighbours have assumed a new character of order and comfort, and wholesome economy, since the poet's family lived at Rydal Mount. It used to be a pleasant sight when Wordsworth was seen in the middle of a hedge, cutting switches for half a dozen children, who were pulling at his cloak, or gathering about his heels; and it will long be pleasant to family friends to hear how the young wives of half a century learned to make home comfortable by the example of the good housewife at the Mount, who was never above letting her thrift be known.

Finally, she, who had noted so many last survivors, was herself the last of a company more venerable than eagles, or ravens, or old-would yeomen, or antique customs. She would not in any case be the first forgotten. As it is, her honoured name will live for generations in the traditions of the valleys round. If she was studied as the poet's wife, she came out so well from that investigation that she was contemplated for herself; and the image so received is her true monument. It will be better preserved in her old-fashioned neighbourhood than many monuments which make a greater show.

STRANGE STORIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* revives the theory of the undulations in the whitey-brown matter of the brain as the key to the phenomenon of sensation. In support of his theory he tells the following extraordinary stories:—

Mr Woolner, the sculptor, tells me the following story of two young men—one of them a personal friend of his own, now living. These two men lived for very long as great friends, but ultimately quarrelled, shortly before the departure of one of them to New Zealand. The emigrant had been absent for many years, and his friend at home (Mr. Woolner's informant) never having kept up correspondence with him, had naturally almost lost the habit of thinking about him or his affairs. One day, however, as he sat in his rooms, in a street near Oxford-street, the thought of his friend came suddenly upon him, accompanied by the most restless and indefinable discomfort. He could by no means account for it, but, finding the feeling grow more and more oppressive, tried to throw it off by change of occupation. Still the discomfort grew, till it amounted to a sort of strange horror. He thought he must be sickening for a bad illness, and at length, being unable to do anything else, went out of doors and walked up and down the busiest streets, hoping by the sight and sound of multitudes of men and ordinary things to dissipate his strange and mysterious misery. Not, however, till he had wandered to and fro in the most wretched state of feeling for nearly two hours, utterly unable to shake off an intolerable sort of vague consciousness of his friend, did the impression leave him, and his usual frame of mind return. So greatly was he struck and puzzled by all this, that he wrote down precisely the date of the day and hour of the occurrence, fully expecting to have news shortly of or from his old friend. And surely, when the next mail, or the next but one, arrived, there came the horrible news—that at that very day and hour (allowance being made for longitude) his friend had been made prisoner by the natives of New Zealand, and put to a slow death with the most frightful tortures. Of this same kind, though happily different in result, is a story of his own experience, which Mr. Tennyson, the poet Laureate, tells me, viz.,—that some years ago he was induced to try (successfully) the curative effect of mesmerism by passes of the hands upon a patient, who became so sensitive as to be aware on one occasion of his approach by railway two hours before he reached the house, and when his coming was entirely unannounced and unpremeditated. On another occasion, the same patient positively asserted to a third person that Mr. Tennyson had been there the day before, when Mr. Tennyson himself was equally positive to the contrary—till he afterwards remembered that he had come as far as the grounds of the house, and then changed his mind and turned back.

DANTE ROSSETTI.

THE first work of William Morris, *The Defence of Guinevere, and Other Poems*, was dedicated to a great though little known artist: "To my friend Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter, I dedicate these poems." The earliest work of Algernon Charles Swinburne bore the same name: "Affectionately inscribed to Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Mr. Rossetti's translations from the Italian poets are well known to all lovers of poetry. They are the most truthful of transcripts, and yet manifest, at the same time, a strong imaginative originality. To that work an announcement was appended which excited eager expectations: "Shortly will be published, *Dante in Verona, and Other Poems*, by D. G. Rossetti. Ten years have elapsed, and the work is still unpublished. It is said that an accident befel the manuscript; but surely, from the rough drafts that Mr. Rossetti must possess, the poems might even yet be recovered and put together. Even in this prolific age the world can ill afford to lose a volume which would undoubtedly prove a substantial addition to its poetic literature. At all events, Mr. Rossetti's painted works are in existence; and, until these are brought together and publicly exhibited, the English lovers of art will not rightly understand that one of the most consummate colourists since Titian is at this moment at work amongst us.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Mr. Thomas Carlyle has signified his intention of giving a subscription to the Bruce monument at Lochmaben.

Mr. Howard Paul, in an amusing article on the "Order System," relates a curious experience. He was staying at a hotel in a town in the Midland Counties, and the manager asked him for an order. Mr. Paul complied, and not having a ticket handy, asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote a "pass for two" thereon. The next day *that sheet of paper was charged for in the bill.*

THE MOST DISAGREEABLE MAN IN LONDON.—Mr. Vernon Harcourt has the reputation of being the most generally disliked man in London society. There is a good story of four eccentrics agreeing each to invite the most disagreeable man of their acquaintance to a pleasant dinner, and when the hour came, though covers were laid for eight, only five guests made their appearance—the four hosts having each, unknown to the other, picked upon the same individual—Mr. V. H.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.—It is clear enough to the publisher, who lays up fifty thousand a year, why the author ends the year in debt. But the author is amazed that he who deals in ideas can only dine upon occasional chops; while the man who merely binds and sells ideas sits down to perpetual sirloin. If they should change places, fortune would change with them. The publisher turned author would still lay by his hundreds. The publishing author would directly lose thousands. It is simply because it is a matter of prudence, economy, and knowledge of the world. Publishers and practical men of all kinds invest their earnings in Michigan, Central, or Cincinnati and Dayton; in steady works, and devoted days, and a pleasant harvest of dividends. Our friends, the authors, invest in prime Havanahs, Rhenish, in oyster suppers, love, and leisure, and divide a heavy percentage of headache, dyspepsia, and debt.—*Emerson.*

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

[FROM LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.]

My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot;
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

WIVES AND WHIPPING.—A case at Bordeaux, in which some Jesuit fathers were condemned for a too severe use of the whip, has developed into a controversy as to the utility of birch as a means of education. Mrs. Matilda Bowyer, formerly an English teacher, has contributed to M. Veuillot's paper the results of her long experience as to its efficacy in the case of young girls. "Long engaged," she says, "in instruction, I have had many girls under my care. I have also been in communication with many female teachers and mothers, as remarkable for their tenderness as their intelligence. There is not one of them who does not confirm my experience, that of all the methods of correction applicable to young girls from five to eighteen years of age, the whip is unquestionably the best. In England it is considered far preferable to the methods so often adopted in France, of seclusion, deprivation of food, and walking, &c. These affect the health, injure physical development, and prompt to evil suggestions. The whip, on the contrary, whilst producing a more immediate, lively, and enduring impression, is liable to no objection on physical or moral grounds. It tames easily and quickly the most obstinate dispositions, curbs evil, instructs and bends young girls in the most efficacious way, to those habits of obedience, submission, and respect which make of them afterwards perfect wives."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place Manchester.

SALES BY AUCTION.

To the Gentry, Private Consumers, Wine and Spirit Merchants, and others.

MESSRS. T. M. FISHER, SONS, and SMITH, have been instructed to SELL BY AUCTION (to cover advances), on Thursday, February 25th, at the Royal Exchange Rooms, commencing at 12 o'clock at noon prompt, a Quantity of Wines & Spirits, consisting of Champagnes, Ports, Sherries, Clarets, Burgundies, Brandies, Whiskies, Rums, Gins, &c.—Catalogues will be ready in a few days.
16, Tib Lane.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions from the owner, to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday, the 8th day of February, 1869, at the Strawberry Road Mill, Pendleton, commencing at eleven o'clock, a Quantity of COTTON WEAVING MACHINERY and EFFECTS, comprising 33 power-looms, 40in reed space, with positive taking-up motions, weft-stopping motions, and patent temples, by H. Firth; 29 ditto 45in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by ditto; six ditto, 45in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by Harling and Todd; 16 ditto. 38in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by ditto; six ditto, 45in. ditto, with ditto, by Atherton: one beam warping machine, with creel and all latest improvements; one cop-winding frame, 100 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Ecroyd, of Rochdale; one ditto, 120 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Jones: one double-cone beaming frame one circular oil cistern, picker steeper, two small oil cisterns, quantity of warpers' bobbins, spare drums, pulleys, weft skips, packing-kips, long beams, slasher beams, loom chains, spare weights, strapping, one 30-light wet gas meter, and numerous other effects.—For further particulars apply to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

Important Sale of Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1869, and following days, commencing each day at 11 oclock, prompt, at No. 87, Market-street, Manchester, the whole of the valuable and extensive Stock from a STATIONERY BUSINESS and Fancy Repository, which has been removed to the above place for convenience of sale, comprising coloured and plain photographs, stereoscopes, revolving ditto, stereoscopic slides, cartes, albums to hold from 20 to 200 portraits, dressing-cases, wood and leather work boxes, writing desks, inkstands, portfolios, courier bags, satchells, Mordan's gold, silver, and ivory pencil-cases, gold and silver watches, chains, rings, garnet rings, timepieces, opera glasses, backgammon boards, chessmen, tea caddies, a large stock of books, handsomely bound and illustrated works for the table, 20 vols. of *Punch* complete, general books, Church, Congregational, Wesleyan and other hymn books, copying press and stand, stamping presses, relief, envelope, and embossing presses; photographic head rests, a quantity of plain cards in packets, also a great weight of white paper for shop use, together with many other articles.
For particulars apply to D. Alonzo Morris and Brown, auctioneers and Valuers, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.
67, CHORLTON ROAD, MANCHESTER.

THE PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURER of the AMERICAN PRINTED PAPER WINDOW BLINDS has some pleasure in informing his friends, the public, and more especially the ladies, that within, or during three months past, not less than half-a-million of these blinds have been consumed in Yorkshire and the Midland Counties of England. Millions have been sold since they were first patented, in 1864. The White Felted ones are equal in appearance to the purest bleached linen. The Widths of the printed ones are, 38 inches, 43 inches, 50 inches, 54 inches, and 60 inches. The latter are especially suitable for sun blinds for shops. They are made any length, to suit any window. Prices, 38in, 2½d per yard; 43in. 3d. per yard; 50in. 3½d. per yard: 54 in. 4d. per yard; 60in. 4½d. per yard.
Prices for the White Felted Blinds:
For 2 yards long, 38 inches wide....6d. or 3d. per yd.
For 2 yards long, 43 inches wide....7d. or 3½d. per yd.
For 2 yards long, 50 inches wide....8d. or 4d. per yd.
Postage Stamps received for Sample Blinds, which will be sent to any address
Sold by Paper-hangers in every town in the Kingdom, or from EDMUND GRIME, Patentee,
MOUNT STREET PAPER MILLS, ANCOATS, Manchester.

WISE SAWS.

[FROM SHAKESPERE.]

It our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mecy does.

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'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without.

WIVES AND WHIPPING.—A case at Bordeaux, in which some Jesuit fathers were condemned for a too severe use of the whip, has developed into a controversy as to the utility of birch as a means of education. Mrs. Matilda Bowyer, formerly an English teacher, has contributed to M. Veuillot's paper the results of her long experience as to its efficacy in the case of young girls. "Long engaged," she says, "in instruction, I have had many girls under my care. I have also been in communication with many female teachers and mothers, as remarkable for their tenderness as their intelligence. There is not one of them who does not confirm my experience, that of all the methods of correction applicable to young girls from five to eighteen years of age, the whip is unquestionably the best. In England it is considered far preferable to the methods so often adopted in France, of seclusion, deprivation of food, and walking, &c. These affect the health, injure physical development, and prompt to evil suggestions. The whip, on the contrary, whilst producing a more immediate, lively, and enduring impression, is liable to no objection on physical or moral grounds. It tames easily and quickly the most obstinate dispositions, curbs evil, instructs and bends young girls in the most efficacious way, to those habits of obedience, submission, and respect which make of them afterwards perfect wives."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place Manchester.

SALES BY AUCTION.

To the Gentry, Private Consumers, Wine and Spirit Merchants, and others.

MESSRS. T. M. FISHER, SONS, and SMITH, have been instructed to SELL BY AUCTION (to cover advances), on Thursday, February 25th, at the Royal Exchange Rooms, commencing at 12 o'clock at noon prompt, a Quantity of Wines & Spirits, consisting of Champagnes, Ports, Sherries, Clarets, Burgundies, Brandies, Whiskies, Rums, Gins, &c.—Catalogues will be ready in a few days.
16, Tib Lane.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions from the owner, to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday, the 8th day of February, 1869, at the Strawberry Road Mill, Pendleton, commencing at eleven o'clock, a Quantity of COTTON WEAVING MACHINERY and EFFECTS, comprising 33 power-looms, 40in reed space, with positive taking-up motions, weft-stopping motions, and patent temples, by H. Firth; 29 ditto 45in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by ditto; six ditto, 45in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by Harling and Todd; 16 ditto. 38in. ditto, with ditto ditto, by ditto; six ditto, 45in. ditto, with ditto, by Atherton; one beam warping machine, with creel and all latest improvements; one cop-winding frame, 100 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Ecroyd, of Rochdale; one ditto, 120 spindles, 4½in. lift, by Jones; one double-cone beaming frame one circular oil cistern, picker steeper, two small oil cisterns, quantity of warpers' bobbins, spare drums, pulleys, weft skips, packing skips, long beams, slasher beams, loom chains, spare weights, strapping, one 30-light wet gas meter, and numerous other effects.—For further particulars apply to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

Important Sale of Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

MR. D. ALONZO MORRIS has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1869, and following days, commencing each day at 11 o'clock, prompt, at No. 87, Market-street, Manchester, the whole of the valuable and extensive Stock from a STATIONERY BUSINESS and Fancy Repository, which has been removed to the above place for convenience of sale, comprising coloured and plain photographs, stereoscopes, revolving ditto, stereoscopic slides, cartes, albums to hold from 20 to 200 portraits, dressing-cases, wood and leather work boxes, writing desks, inkstands, portfolios, courier bags, satchells, Mordan's gold, silver, and ivory pencil-cases, gold and silver watches, chains, rings, garnet rings, timepieces, opera glasses, backgammon boards, chessmen, tea caddies, a large stock of books, handsomely bound and illustrated works for the table, 20 vols. of *Punch* complete, general books, Church, Congregational, Wesleyan and other hymn books, copying press and stand, stamping presses, relief, envelope, and embossing presses; photographic head rests, a quantity of plain cards in packets, also a great weight of white paper for shop use, together with many other articles.
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